

death of Louis Philippe's heir. The Constitutional seeing this exchange. It is time for every one to return his flag? The remains of the Duke of Orleans are in his interred early in August, at Dour; but the funeral ceremony will be conducted at the Notre Dame.

Franco still wishes to maintain what she established in 1830, and she is sufficiently strong to enforce her will. We must not however, dismisse ourselves the fact that the disastrous accident which has smitten the Duke of Orleans from the Royal family, and the country, is of a nature to revive the pretensions of certain parties. Declining the existing government to have been too weak, they will become more confident and enterprising. It is therefore, the duty of the Powers that be, to do that which will render all these endeavors important and vain?

From the Indiana State Sentinel.

THE ELECTION.—The returns from the State are being completed, we omit the full list next. We see at least from it, would seem that the Senate stands 25 to 21 democratic; the House 57 to 42 whigs, and one tie.

HIGHLIGHTS.—The chief question before the people during the present canvas was that of "Bolton," proposed in the shape of a valuation law, too. It was not a party question; being opposed and supported by Democrats and Whigs indiscriminately.

From the returns in the Louisville Journal we perceive that the Whigs have elected 46 Representatives, and the Democrats 24. Six Whig Senators have been chosen, to four Democratic.

TRADE.—The returns come in for the Democratic overwhelming that we can only say the State is Democratic by some 10,000 majority. The legislature sat for only some six months and is therefore considered quite qualified.—*Cin. Daily Message.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—Three Democrats have been elected in Howard, and the entire Democratic ticket succeeded in Jefferson, St. Genevieve, Franklin and Osage, Washington and Monroe, and Decatur. A Whig Senator has been elected in the district composed of Scott and New Madrid.

It is thought a majority of the Legislature will be in favor of the District System.

NORTH CAROLINA.—O. P. PAUL WHALEY.—Waking up.—By a slip from North Carolina Standard we hear from our friends in which the Whigs have lost four Representatives and one Senator, and in which there is also a gain of upwards of 400 for the Democratic Candidate for Governor over last election.

ALABAMA.—The few returns we have received from Alabama are favorable to the Democrats. They have succeeded by large majorities in Marshall, Jackson, and Limestone counties. C. C. Clay, Jr. (son of the Ex-Governor) is among the Representatives returned from Madison.

From the Ohio Statesman.—Our fail for Washington Cortes ends with the great climax of victory in the old North.

ILLINOIS.——*O. P. PAUL WHALEY.*—Waking up.—The old singing Whig ballyhoo it seems to be re-echoed, for the purpose of electing another toll President. Our Whig exchanges are toll songs of:

"CLEAR THE WAY FOR HENRY CLAY," but the poor skin bird have not yet begun to warble. We clip the following from a big Murdoch: "They'll be no names, Money, money their debts to pay; Until the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll clears the way for Henry Clay." But not only are the merchants interested but the farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

Well, that will be awful, out to have and

to pay their debts to pay; until the toll

clears the way for Henry Clay." But not

only are the merchants interested but the

farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

"The Farmers say there'll be no masters,

Market, market for castle or town,

Gat'l the toll's rolling on."

"Has cleared the way for Henry Clay,

For with him we can beat any man, man,

Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man,

FORT WAYNE SENTINEL.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
\$2.50 IF PAID WITHIN SIX MONTHS,
\$3.00 AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

TERMS:
All Letters on business must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.
[Advertisements inserted for Ten cents per line for three weeks.—Five cents for each subsequent insertion, when consisting of 10 lines or over; but no advertisement inserted for less than \$1. Job Work done on the usual terms.

From the Ladies Companion.
Arnold; Or, the British Spy.
A TALE OF TREACHERY.
BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAM.
CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER X.
Two hours after the flight of Arnold, Gen Washington, accompanied by Knox and Lafayette, on their return from a visit to Count Rochambeau at Hartford, arrived at Beverly House, as previously arranged, to repose themselves and dine. Here learning from his aids that General Arnold had been suddenly called over to West Point on urgent business he remained only long enough to take a hasty breakfast, and proceeded to the garrison, to ascertain if any thing important had transpired. Accompanied by all his suite except Colonel Hamilton, who was detained in writing letters, he rode to the cove by the usual carriage road. This is a firm gravelled avenue, running northwardly with an easy descent, through a line of old trees for hundred yards to the bottom of a dell, through which the brook before mentioned runs brawling over stones. Here at a gate the road makes a sharp angle to the left, and follows the course of the rivulet. A roof of the densest foliage shields it from the noon day sun, and seats placed at intervals along its borders invite the rambler to repose; while the ceaseless gurgle of the flowing water, the singing of countless birds, the silence of the forest trees, save when their tops are moved whisperingly by the winds, tempt him to linger in its delightful seclusions.— Such was the pleasant woodland path through which the party rode, such save that time has made it lovelier, is it now. Just before they arrived at the cove, they discovered the horse deserted by Arnold grazing by the path; his bridle beneath his feet; and his saddle and coat bearing traces of the red soil in which he had taken that exquisite luxury, a roll.

A passing remark was made by Knox on General Arnold's carelessness; the animal was led back to the house by a servant; and in a few seconds afterwards, the gentlemen dismounted in the little pier. Here a small pennant, seen in advance, was fluttering from a staff placed on a projecting point of rock, in answer to which a barge of eight oars was putting from the fort of Buttermilk Falls then a military boat station. In a few minutes, the party embarked, and the boat moved rapidly through the water. The harmony of motion and action, in a well manned barge produce like all harmony, silence and music. The simultaneous sway of the bodies of the oarsmen—the regular rattle in the rowlocks—the liquid dip of the fallen sweeps—the answering leaps of the boat—all are harmonious, soothing, and conducive to meditation. After the first hundred yards conversation ceased, and each gentleman seemed to be occupied with his own thoughts.— The scenery through which they moved, added also its influence. On the right stretch ed the eastern shore, rising a rocky precipice from the water, and crowned with woods.— On the left the Buttermilk falls came tumbling and foaming in snowy sheets from the top of a cliff, and further on the shore was walled with lofty and rural precipices. As they proceeded, the Highland of Crow Nest and Bluff Hill frowned down upon them, and from a promontory, the fortress of West Point bristled with its iron battery. As they approached the landing now disused, south of Kosciusko's garden, Washington observed with enthusiasm—

"Well, gentleman, it is fortunate for us that General Arnold has gone over to the garrison in advance of us, for we shall now have a salute, and the roar of the cannon will have a fine effect among these mountains."

The barge continued to approach the shore without any notice from the fortress, when, surprised at the silence and absence of all preparation to receive them, he exclaimed—

"What do they not intend to salute us?"

An officer now made his appearance, descending the ravine, and reached the shore just as the boat touched it.

"How this is, sir!" said Washington, with some severity.

"Fardon me, General," said the officer in confusion. "I did not anticipate the honor of such a visit, or I should have been prepared to receive you in a proper manner."

The person in your possession, is Major Andre, Adjutant General to the British army.

The influence of one commander in the army of his adversary is advantage taken in war. A correspondence for this purpose I had; as confidential (in the present instance) with his excellency, Sir Henry Clinton.

To lay out, I agreed to meet, upon ground not within the posts of either army, a person was to give me intelligence. I came up in the Vulture man of war, for this effect, and was fetched by a boat, from the ship to the beach. Being there, I was told that the approach of day would prevent my return, and that I must be concealed until the next night.

I was in my regiments, and had fairly risked my person.

Against my stipulation, my intention, and without my knowledge beforehand, I was conducted within your posts. Your excellency may conceive my sensation on this occasion, and will imagine how much more must I have been affected by a refusal to reconduct me back the next night, as I had been brought. I quitted my uniform, and was passing another way, in the night, without the American posts, to neutral ground, and informed I was beyond all armed parties, and left to press for New York. I was taken at Tarrytown by some volunteers.

As I approached the mansion, Colonel Hamilton met him with a troubled countenance, and whispered in his ear—

"Eight sir! I have a matter of the most importance to acquaint you with."

Washington accompanied him into the sitting room, and when the door was closed, Hamilton placed into his hands several papers, saying: "As the messenger who arrived a short time after you left said they were of the utmost importance, I opened them."

Washington read the letter which contained from an authentic source, the account of the capture of Andre, and a copy of the papers in Arnold's handwriting, with the pass part in the same hand, found on his person. The guilt of Arnold was made clear as light and the cause of his absence from West Point accounted for. It was plain that he had escaped to the enemy.

"He has descended the river; ride, Hamilton, for your life," said Washington; "it may be possible to intercept him at Verplanck's Point."

Colonel Hamilton left the room and spurred away on what appeared to be a fruitless errand. Washington now sent for Generals

VOLUME 3.—No. 8.

FORT WAYNE IA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1842.

WHOLE NUMBER, 383.

La Fayette and Knox, to whom he communicated Arnold's treason, and placed in their hands the papers which confirmed it. His manner was composed and dignified.

"Whom can we trust now?" he said calmly, after they had finished the perusal of the letters.

"Mon dieu! is it possible?" exclaimed La Fayette, crumpling the paper in his clenched hands as he swiftly paced the apartment.

"I always knew him to be a disaffected man, but by— I did not expect the devil to turn out so black bout to horn!" said Knox violently striking his fist upon the table.

"It is useless to show feeling about it now, gentlemen," said Washington, without betraying emotion or anxiety of any kind, "it remains for us to repair what injury he has done us, and prevent him from doing more." The American General now directed all his energies to counteract the plan laid by the traitor. Orders were forwarded to all the posts, the position of the garrison changed and the whole order of things laid down by Arnold, reversed. Sir Henry Clinton, however through the capture of Andre, was kept in ignorance and uncertainty until the arrival of the Vulture in New York, with Arnold on board, the morning after his flight. The project, therefore, was abandoned and the troops disembarked.

CHAPTER XI.

It was not until noon on the following day, that Andre arrived at Beverly House, under escort of Major Tallmadge. This officer, on inspecting the captured papers which were shown him after Colonel Jamieson had sent the prisoner forward, saw that this officer was strangely blind to Arnold's guilt.

Expressing in warm terms of censure his opinion of the course pursued by Jamieson, of sending the accomplice to the principal he requested and received the command of the escort, and after some delay, reached the head quarters with his prisoner. Washington refused to see Andre, lest he should forget what was due to justice, in sympathy for its victim, and ordered him to be placed under guard in the small room, opening from the dining-room, a sentinel to be posted on the outside of the door, and other precautions taken for his security, until he could be conveyed to West Point, and thence to Tappan, for trial:

It was late in the afternoon, when Andre stood by his little window, watching the setting sun as it hung low in the skies above the summit of Crow Nest, and gilding with its slanting beams the walls of the fortress at West Point. His thoughts were turned on the hopelessness of his situation. He knew that he must die. To be cut off in the prime of youth, his earthly hopes crushed, the ties of love, paternal and filial, for ever broken—all that bound him to his fellow beings severed and destroyed! He turned away from the window, and paced to and fro in his narrow prison, under the pressure of intense mental agony. Terrible was the conflict between his manhood and his human nature! At length reason asserted her power, and philosophy and religion came to his aid, and he grew calmer. He resolved to bear his fate like a man, and like a British soldier. After a few seconds, he called to the sentinel and requested writing materials to be brought to him. They were cheerfully granted by Major Tallmadge, who had taken Andre to his cell.

Andre softly repeated the voice a third time, and the paper fell fluttering at his feet. He lifted it from the floor and read it with a sparkling eye.

Dear Major Andre:—Though miserable myself, I cannot be altogether so absurd as to my wretchedness as to forget the griefs of others. Listen to me. I know your high notions of honor, and the spirit of chivalrous self-sacrifice that fills your bosom, but oh for my sake—for your own—for that of your mother and sisters—for the sake of your country—do what I am about to ask you! Accept life while it is in your power! Do not remain to die like a criminal! Life is now yours—tomorrow it may be due to justice! Alas! my heart tells me what will be your reply—but I will not therefore cease my exertions to save you.— Assisted by a faithful slave, I this morning possessed two of the planks in your room—

"I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." There was no vain boasting in his words proceeded from that honorable pride which becomes a soldier and which sheds a halo even around the brow of death. When he had said this, he resumed his former position and calmly awaited his fate.

The signal was given—the wagon rolled from beneath him, and the victim of military justice had expired his offence with life.

"Such is Mr. Sparks in his Biography of Arnold," which able work we have made free use of in this outline, "such was the death of a man whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known, and opened the prospectes of a future career of renown and glory. In ten short days his blooming hopes had been blighted and his glowing visions dispersed. But it was his singular fortune to die, not more beloved by his friends than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin and by whose hands his life was justly taken."

Andre had consecrated the feeling. There are few Americans, and few will there ever be, who can look back upon the fate of Andre without deep regret. His name is emblazoned in every generous heart; and those who will condemn his great error and applaud the sentence of his judges will cherish a melancholy remembrance of the unfortunate victim, and grieve that a life of so much promise, adorned with so many elevated and estimable qualities, was destined to an untimely and ignominious end. The tears and eulogies that have followed the memory of this noble gentleman, brave soldier, and honest man, eminently show virtue may exalt even the gallows, and demonstrate that it is far better to die well, though on a gallows, than like Benedict Arnold, to purchase with the scorn and contempt of mankind.

For the sake of all you hold dear on earth, lose not a moment, but fly!

MARY.

The young man read this appeal with a sparkling eye and glowing countenance, when he concluded it he glanced upward and kissed his hand to the invisible author of it, then folded the paper, placed it next his heart, and paced the room rapidly with a thoughtful brow and excited manner.

"Nay nay, I will not—I cannot—I may not! I must abide my destiny."

He stopped, surveyed the floor through every part, and then walked towards the side next to the hall and trod lightly on the two planks nearest the wall. They were loose. He stopped to lift them and they yielded to his hand and he gazed down the dark cellar beneath.

"Come, massa! coas' clear—dis jus de time!" said a low husky voice beneath.

The prisoner paused an instant, then with a sudden impulse closed the aperture and walked resolutely away. An exclamation of anguish and disappointment from above reached his ear, but with folded arms and a composed manner, he gazed steadfastly from the window, his fare expressive of the triumph of an honorable mind over an unworthy temptation.

CHAPTER XII.

The morning of the second of October broke with a clear sky, and the promise of a bright autumnal day. The sun rose without a cloud, and gladdened hill, forest and valley with his cheering light.

Happiness was written on the face of nature, as if with the finger of Heaven; but among the habitations of men sorrow and woe had as ever, an abiding place. There was one above into the windows of which was one's own shoe, above all others, melancholy for the scenes of human sorrow which it was the daily and wretchedness of, which it was the daily and wretchedness of.

It was a prison. In one of its most confined apartments, sat a young man whose days were numbered—a poor star whose last days were numbered—it was about to become extinguished it was about to reach its zenith. It was Major Andre.— His judge had doomed him to die as a spy, taken within the American lines.

The sympathizing American Chief would have gladly commuted this harsh sentence but military justice demanded the victim!

In one hour he was led forth to execution. His countenance was firm. A delightful calm dwelt in his youthful and noble features and an air of repose and resignation marked his bearing. About him stood a group of officers, foes of his country, but whom his virtues had converted into personal friends. Tears were in the eyes of these stern warriors, and their voices trembled with emotion as they talked in low tones with each other. He alone was calm and resigned!

We sincerely hope that justice may overtake the villains who committed the crime.—*Allegianian.*

MEXICO.—The 13th of June, Santa Anna's birth day, was celebrated with great pomp at Mexico. A Mexican made a grand ascension in a balloon, there was a grand military display, and the Santa Fe prisoners were brought out and addressed by Santa Anna in person, on giving them their liberty.

The Cincinnati Gazette say there are lots of spurious ten cent pieces in circulation so well executed as to deceive the most experienced.

"My emotions are singular," he said, turn-

ing to Major Tallmadge, who walked near him, "when I reflect that in a very few minutes I shall be an inhabitant of a world of spirits—so soon have revealed to me the great secret! But I do not shrink from it. I am not afraid to die—if I were, wretched indeed should I be at this moment!"

They now came in sight of the gallows, surrounded by a large military force, and a great concourse of citizens awaiting the event, a deep gloom filling all hearts—commissary visible on every face.

When the young man saw the degrading instrument of execution he stopped, and turning to Major Tallmadge said, with an expression of mingled pain and indignation, "Why is this?"

"Are you ill?" asked the officer, ignorant of the cause of his emotion.

"'Tis nothing, sir," said the young soldier, recovering his composure; "I hoped to have met death at least at the hands of the soldiers, and not at those of the common hangman. Move forward, I am reconciled to death, but I detest the mode!" In a few minutes afterwards he stood beneath the gallows. As he looked up at the fatal engine of death, his chest heaved and there was a choking in his throat as if he were striving to suppress feelings struggling to escape. At length the noose was suspended from the beam and the wagon placed beneath. Without assistance he stepped into it, and then for a moment, he appeared to shrink.

"Andre!" was a second time repeated, as close to his ear, in the gentle tones of a woman's voice.

He looked around and up to the ceiling, when his eye caught a slip of paper fluttering through a crevice in the floor above. Andre softly repeated the voice a third time, and the paper fell fluttering at his feet. He lifted it from the floor and read it with a smile.

"It will be but a momentary pang."

Then declining the assistance of the provost marshal, he bandaged his own eyes with a degree of firmness and resignation, that the eyes of all who gazed were filled with tears, and deep groans of emotion escaped from the breast of many a stalwart soldier, that the stern spirit of military law should demand so young and so noble a victim.

The provost marshal now loosely pinioned his arms and placed the noose over the young man's head, who himself with perfect firmness, adjusted it to his neck!

"Major Andre, you now have an opportunity to speak if you desire it," said the provost marshal.

Lifting the handkerchief from his eyes, he looked steadily around, and said in a firm clear voice that reached every ear of the silent multitude:

"I pray you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." There was no vain boasting in his words proceeded from that honorable pride which becomes a soldier and which sheds a halo even around the brow of death. When he had said this, he resumed his former position and calmly awaited his fate.

The signal was given—the wagon rolled from beneath him, and the victim of military justice had expired his offence with life.

"Such is Mr. Sparks in his Biography of Arnold," which able work we have made free use of in this outline, "such was the death of a man whose rare accomplishments had procured for him the friendship and confidence of all to whom he was known, and opened the prospectes of a future career of renown and glory. In ten short days his blooming hopes had been blighted and his glowing visions dispersed. But it was his singular fortune to die, not more beloved by his friends than lamented by his enemies, whose cause he had sought to ruin and by whose hands his life was justly taken."

Andre had consecrated the feeling. There are few Americans, and few will there ever be, who can look back upon the fate of Andre without deep regret. His name is emblazoned in every generous heart; and those who will condemn his great error and applaud the sentence of his judges will cherish a melancholy remembrance of the unfortunate victim, and grieve that a life of so much promise, adorned with so many elevated and estimable qualities, was destined to an untimely and ignominious end. The tears and eulogies that have followed the memory of this noble gentleman, brave soldier, and honest man, eminently show virtue may exalt even the gallows, and demonstrate that it is far better to die well, though on a gallows, than like Benedict Arnold, to purchase with the scorn and contempt of mankind.

For the sake of all you hold dear on earth, lose not a moment, but fly!

MARY.

The young man read this appeal with a sparkling eye and glowing countenance, when he concluded it he glanced upward and kissed his hand to the invisible author of it, then folded the paper, placed it next his heart, and paced the room rapidly with a thoughtful brow and excited manner.

"Nay nay, I will not—I cannot—I may not! I must abide my destiny."

He stopped, surveyed the floor through every part, and then walked towards the side next to the hall and trod lightly on the two planks nearest the wall. They were loose. He stopped to lift them and they yielded to his hand and he gazed down the dark cellar beneath.

"Come, massa! coas' clear—dis jus de time!" said a low husky voice beneath.

The prisoner paused an instant, then with a sudden impulse closed the aperture and walked resolutely away. An exclamation of anguish and disappointment from above reached his ear, but with folded arms and a composed manner, he gazed steadfastly from the window, his fare expressive of the triumph of an honorable mind over an unworthy temptation.

CHAPTER XIII.

The morning of the second of October broke with a clear sky, and the promise of a bright autumnal day. The sun rose without a cloud, and gladdened hill, forest and valley with his cheering light.

Happiness was written on the face of nature, as if with the finger of Heaven; but among the habitations of men sorrow and woe had as ever, an abiding place. There was one above into the windows of which was one's own shoe, above all others, melancholy for the scenes of human sorrow which it was the daily and wretchedness of.

It was a prison. In one of its most confined apartments, sat a young man whose days were numbered—a poor star whose last days were numbered—it was about to become extinguished it was about to reach its zenith. It was Major Andre.— His judge had doomed him to die as a spy. It is supposed he was decoyed by Byrne, and who have since left him.

The sympathizing American Chief would have gladly commuted this harsh sentence but military justice demanded the victim!

In one hour he was led forth to execution. His countenance was firm. A delightful calm dwelt in his youthful and noble features and an air of repose and resignation marked his bearing. About him stood a group of officers, foes of his country, but whom his virtues had converted into personal friends. Tears were in the eyes of these stern warriors, and their voices trembled with emotion as

death of Louis Philippe's heir. The Constitutional seeing this exclaims, 'It is time for every one to return to his flag.' The remains of the Duke of Orleans are to be interred early in August, at Dreux; but the funeral ceremony will be conducted at the Notre Dame.

Fraunce still wishes to maintain what she established in 1830, and she is sufficiently strong to enforce her will. We must not however, disguise from ourselves the fact that the disastrous accident which has snatched the Duke of Orleans from us, Royal family, and the country, is of a nature to revive the pretensions of certain parties. Believing in the existing government to have been weakened, they will become more confident and enterprising. It is, therefore, the duty of the Powers that be, to do that which will render all these endeavors important and vain.'

From the Indiana State Sentinel.

THE ELECTION.—The return from this State, not being completed, we omit the list till our next. So far as heard from, it would seem that the Senate stands 23 whigs to 21 democratic; the House 57 to 42 whigs, and one tie.

KENYON.—The great question before the people during the present canvass was that of 'Refugee', proposed in the shape of a valuation law, &c. It was not a party question; being opposed and supported by Democrats and Whigs indiscriminately.

From the return in the Louisville Journal we perceive that the Whigs have elected 48 Representatives, and the Democrats 24. Six Whig Senators have been chosen, to four Democratic.

ILLINOIS.—The returns come in for the Democracy so overwhelmingly that we can only say the State is Democratic by some 10,000 majority. The legislature by 2 to 1. It is probable a good many whigs stayed at home, or voted the Democratic ticket.

MISSOURI.—Three Democrats have been elected in Howard, and the entire Democratic ticket has succeeded in Jefferson, St. Genevieve Franklin and Osage. Washington and Boone have returned Whigs; Cooper, one Whig and one Democrat. A Whig Senator has been elected in the district composed of Scott and New Madrid.

It is thought a majority of the Legislature will be in favor of the District System.

NORTH CAROLINA.—*R. P. Van Winkle* Waking up!—By a slip from North Carolina Standard we hear from six counties—in which the whigs have lost four Representatives and one Senator, and in which there is also a gain of upwards of 400 for the Democratic Candidate for Governor over last election.

ALABAMA.—The few returns we have received from Alabama are favorable to the Democrats. They have succeeded by large majorities in Madison, Jackson, and Limestone counties. C. C. Clay, Jr. (son of the Ex-Governor) is among the Representatives returned from Madison.

From the Ohio Statesman.—Our faithful Washington Correspondent sends us the great climax of victory in the old North State:

THE USE OF REPS., Aug. 9, 1842.

DEAR SIR.—A gentleman has just arrived in this city from Raleigh, and reports that the democrats have carried the Legislature in North Carolina by a majority of ten. It is generally credited by the members in Congress from that State. The people seem as strongly inclined to resort to the veto power as Capt. Tyler.

Very respectfully,

Sam'l. Midday, Esq."

MASSACHUSETTS.—The official return of the votes at the election recently held in the ninth congressional district of Massachusetts, is as follows:

Whole number of votes 5633
Ezra Wilkison (dem.) has 2494
Samuel G. Goodrich, (rep.) 2460
William Jackson, (dem.) 336
Scattering, 43

No one has a majority. The time for another election has not yet been assigned.

Charles F. Mitchell in the State Prison—On Monday, Captain A. M. C. Smith, Deputy Sheriff, conducted the ex-Honorable Charles F. Mitchell, from the prison in New York, to the State Prison Sing Sing, to enter upon his three years term of imprisonment, on his conviction for forgery. This most excellent mother says, "The New York Sun exhibited maternal feeling by accompanying her unworthy son to his dreary prison doors, and remaining with him until the prison door shut him from her sight."

COKING THE LEADS.—We see it stated on pretty good authority, that on Philadelphia's 'in noticing face to see sold and sometimes garters and such other silver plate, taken from the sidetables to the mint, and thence to the owners' packets, in the shape of substantial money.' We like that little paragraph very well, notwithstanding it evinces something like distaste among those hitherto except in my visitations, many of whom are delighted in the idea of getting a good deal of silver plate, by their speculations. But like the expression for that admits what has often been substantially denied—if not, indeed, denied in terms—that silver does not 'substantial money.' Who is there in the country that has not heard the praises of paper money said and sung thousands of times? Who has not heard specie denounced as 'humbug'? Is it not within the memory even of the schoolboys of the country, that the idea of specie being a better medium of exchange than paper money was then abhorred? The talented and witty Mrs. —— who was present in the gallery, whispered to her young friend, the beautiful Miss ——, 'I hope, my dear, the duty will not be removed; the pretiest and most animated dolls in the world are made in the West. We must protect this species of home manufacture.' Miss —— laughingly replied, 'that had better impose an *ad valorem* duty of fifty per cent on the whole antiquated anti-Cuban tribe of bachelors.' 'Ah, my dear,' said Mrs. ——, 'if it were an *ad valorem* duty, there would be no revenue, for bachelors are of no value to themselves, to us, or to the country. I confess that I would give my vote for a tax of \$100 per capita.' How long this dialogue was kept up by the fair speakers, I know not, having been obliged to leave the gallery.

Distrressing.—A party of three, consisting of a grandmother, daughter, and her boy about eight years of age, went out early on Saturday last to gather berries, a short distance from Reading. The boy, in the course of a hill lost his foot hold and fell into a pond about ten feet deep and twenty feet square, the mother immediately plunged into the water to his rescue without knowing the depth, and before she was able to save her son, the grandmother alarmed also, attempted to assist, when, with the great exertions the mother had made, she became completely exhausted, and all three met a watery grave. Their bodies were found and buried on Sunday last, attended by the largest concourse that has ever assembled in Reading on a similar occasion.

Colonel Benton.—The Presidency.—The following is an extract of a letter from Col. Benton written to a friend in Detroit. He is not a candidate for the Presidency.

'You are in error in classing me among those who are before the people for the Presidency. I have never cared to keep myself out of the political arena;—but my nomination from the citizens of Philadelphia city and county—and secondly, by publicly declaring myself in favor of Mr. Van Buren. These public demonstrations, on my part, must have escaped the observation of such of my friends in your quarter, as have clung me among the candidates of expectants, at the ensuing canvas.'

From the Richmond Enquirer.

COL. R. M. JOHNSON.—The whig press are attempting to make capital out of this distinguished citizen. They are re-echoing the assertion put forth by the Louisville Journal, that during a late ride from Georgetown to Louisville he declared that, 'next to himself, he was for Henry Clay for the next presidency.'

But the Colonel has blocked their game, by authorizing the following most interesting contradiction of the whole story.

'We are authorised to contradict, in the most positive manner, the story now going the rounds of the whig press that Col. R. M. Johnson has at any time stated, either in writing or orally, that he preferred Mr. Clay to Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency, or that he would rather see Mr. Clay elected to the office of Wisconsin. It is probable another whig will be the result.—Manhattan Telegraph.'

'Those who have given currency to this slander, are called up to account by proof or to retract it.'—Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.

PROMOTION EXPECTED.—It is said that the head of the Madisonian of Saturday says: 'We hear that a certain capitalist is negotiating for the purchase of all claims against the states amounting to \$200,000,000. If he can be relied on as to the amount he is to give them, when they are finally paid, as they doubtless will be, he will realize a handsome profit on the investment. We have more to say on this subject.'

Miss Lambin (or Mrs. Ewing) charged with the murder of Mr. Ewing, of the Mobile Theatre, in March last, has given herself up to the civil authorities of that city and after undergoing an examination was admitted to bail in the sum of \$3,000 for her appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court.

A GRAND SPECULATION.—Under this head the Madisonian of Saturday says: 'We hear that a certain capitalist is negotiating for the purchase of all claims against the states amounting to \$200,000,000. If he can be relied on as to the amount he is to give them, when they are finally paid, as they doubtless will be, he will realize a handsome profit on the investment. We have more to say on this subject.'

Miss Lambin (or Mrs. Ewing) charged with the murder of Mr. Ewing, of the Mobile Theatre, in March last, has given herself up to the civil authorities of that city and after undergoing an examination was admitted to bail in the sum of \$3,000 for her appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court.

A PRINTER'S ANECDOTE.—It used to be related of Corporal Nym, a printer, well known for many years in this town, as being a remarkable for his odd humor than for the length of his purse, that while he was traveling from Lowell to Boston, he was traveling a highwayman, who politely (as is met by those gentle) demanded the custom of the customer. 'My de—' sir,' quoth Corporal Nym, 'purse, 'My de—' sir, give up your nothing to the pur—' 'I demand the high-purse immediately,' a highwayman the high-purse immediately,' I repeated with mayman. 'The Corp—' was misund—'er, curtness which could not, 'now me,'—stated, 'Positively, you don't' surprised at 'Well,' said the highwayman, 'the devil of the manner of the Corp—' 'A—' sir, are you?' 'Why, I'm a printer,' 'A—' sir, did you say? 'Whew!—I'm off—dry pic—' ing.'

EAST EXCELLENT CLAY SONG.—WHICHE SONGS.—The old song singing which it seems is to be re-enacted, for the purpose of electing another Federal President. Our Whig exchanges are full of songs of

CLEAR THE WAY FOR HENRY CLAY—but the coon skin band have not yet begun to warble. We clip the following from a long rig marole:

The Merchants say ther'll be no money, Money, money their debts to pay, Cut the ball that's rolling on,

Has cleared the way for Henry Clay, For with him we can beat any man, Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man.

Well, that will be awful, not to have any pay'n their debts to pay,' until the ball clears the way for Henry Clay. But not only are the merchants interested but the farmers. Listen to their lamentation:

The Farmers say ther'll be no markets, Market, market for cattle or hay, Until the ball that's rolling on,

Has cleared the way for Henry Clay, For with him we can beat any man, Man, Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man.

Well, that will be awful, not to have any pay'n their debts to pay,' until the ball clears the way for Henry Clay. Until the ball that's rolling on,

Has cleared the way for Henry Clay, For with him we can beat any man, Man, Man of the Van Buren clan;

For with him we can beat any man.

Do you hear that? 'No money our debts to pay,' and 'no market for cattle or hay,' until the ball has cleared the way for Harry Clay, which blessed day, our Democratic Almanacs say, is so far away that a boy now at play, would find himself grey, awaiting the day, and the cattle and hay, and coffee and 'tay,' and the waves of the 'sea,' and the debts we can't pay, and old Harry Clay, and the whole Whig party, will find out that they are assembled at the great judgment day! Oh! for a Whig to sing us that song! Will a burly child run into the fire again, and will the people be again deceived by big cabin, coon skins, gourd shells, song-singers and pipe-layers? Never! That game is up!—Goshen Dem

TAX ON DOLLS.—The Washington correspondent of the North American tells the following:—While the Tariff Bill was under discussion, on Friday, Mr. Gamble, of Georgia, rose, and with pleasantness of manner said:—That at the suggestion of some of his bachelor friends he would move to strike out the duty on dolls, casting a forte glances at some of the most unscrupulous of that *sovereign solo genus*. The motion did not prevail. The talented and witty Mrs. —— who was present in the gallery, whispered to her young friend, the beautiful Miss ——, 'I hope, my dear, the duty will not be removed; the pretiest and most animated dolls in the world are made in the West. We must protect this species of home manufacture.' Miss —— laughingly replied, 'that had better impose an *ad valorem* duty of fifty per cent on the whole antiquated anti-Cuban tribe of bachelors.' 'Ah, my dear,' said Mrs. ——, 'if it were an *ad valorem* duty, there would be no revenue, for bachelors are of no value to themselves, to us, or to the country. I confess that I would give my vote for a tax of \$100 per capita.' How long this dialogue was kept up by the fair speakers, I know not, having been obliged to leave the gallery.

OREGON TERRITORY.—Much has been written and printed about this delightful spot of our earth. A gentleman who has frequently visited Oregon and the neighboring parts of California, in correspondence with some of the Eastern papers, writes that the Territory of Oregon is one of the finest countries in the world. The climate is far milder and equable than that of similar latitudes on the Eastern Coast of North America. The same fact, indeed, is also remarked of the Old World, China, which occupies the Eastern Coast of the other Continent, has a cold and changeable climate very much resembling that of our own in the United States, while in the same latitudes on the Western side of the continent, are Italy, Spain, and France, with the most delightful climates.

The soil of Oregon, too, he writes, is excellent, and a variety of the vegetable productions are well developed in magazines. Immense forests of pine trees grow on the upper branch of the Columbia river, to which those of Norway are considered mere shrubs in comparison.

The same gentleman says, that he con-

siders the wheat of that region as unsurpassed by that of any other portion of the whole globe

by that of any other portion of the whole globe, and equalled only by Chile. There are, also, on the Southern Coast, a range of Harps, which are remarkably good, and which one day, become the seeds of an extensive commerce.

We sincerely trust that the pending negotiations at the City of Washington will secure to the Republic of the United States this noble and extensive country.

Obituary Message.

Horace Pequod, first Clerk in the Auditor's Office, Mississippi, has been arrested in Buffalo on a charge of having forged some \$70,000 to \$100,000 of State warrants. He was committed and awaits the trial of the Gov. of Miss. He is twenty-two years of age.

Col. Monroe Edwards is to be set to work making hats at Sing Sing. The New York Aurora says he should have been put into the blacksmith shop, he is a cogged head at the forge.

Gov. Doré is said by the Cincinnati Republican to have passed through that city on the 25th ult. His baggage was all marked T. W. Providence. He came from Louisville and continued up the river.

NICE GAL.—Not long since, a gentleman travelling in Illinois, called at a house on the road side to solicit a drink of water, when the following conversation occurred: 'Well, my boy, how long have you lived here?' 'I don't know, sir, but mother says ever since I was born.' 'Have you any brothers and sisters?' Yes, a few." 'How many?' 'Ten or eleven, I reckon.' 'Pretty healthy, are you?' 'Yes, but sometimes we have a little ager.' 'Any of you got it now?' 'Yes, a few on us goin' to have the shakes this afternoon.' 'How many?' 'Why, all on us except sister Nancy, and she's so cussed contrary she wouldn't shake no how you can fix her.'

ANOTHER BOUNDARY TROUBLE.—The Commissioners to locate the lands granted to Illinois by the U. S., have made most of their selections north of a line running due west from the Southern extreme of Lake Michigan. This land is claimed by Wisconsin under the ordinance of 1787, and Gov. Doty has written to the Legislature to intrude upon the Territory of Wisconsin. It is probable another border war will be the result.—Manhattan Telegraph.

1. It is not generally productive of good, but the contrary; it seldom subserves the cause of truth, never that of charity.

2. The office of the christian ministry is to announce the truths of religion, not to dispute about them.

3. The very idea of discussion supposes the matter to be discussed a matter of doubt or opinion, but as we, catholics, have no doubt whatsoever of the verity of our tenets we have no motive for debating them.

When formally asked a few days back, if he would consent to a public debate he reiterated these sentiments; but at the same time stated that if the present instance he would forego his personal objections, and if the proposal was made he would accept it, grounding his acceptance on the simple fact, that a refusal on his part, might possibly appear to the minds of some a tacit acknowledgment of weakness in the cause he advocated.

J. BENOIT,
Pastor St. Augustine Church.

Arrival and Departure of Mails at and from Fort Wayne, Indiana.

ARRIVALS.

Logansport, La., every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Montgomery, O., every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 4 P. M.

Elkhart, La., every Wednesday and Saturday at 6 P. M.

White Pison, Mich., every Wednesday, at 1 P. M.

Benton & C. H. Mich., every Thursday at 6 P. M.

Port Huron, O., every Sunday at 6 P. M.

Port Huron, O., every Monday and Thursday at 6 P. M.

Winchester, La., every Monday and Thursday at 6 P. M.

Holcomb Abrahams, Elkhart, Ind., at 3 P. M.

Departures.

Logansport, La., every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 4 P. M.

Montgomery, O., every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6 P. M.

Elkhart, La., every Sunday and Wednesday at 4 P. M.

White Pison, Mich., every Thursday at 5 P. M.

Branch C. H. Mich., every Monday at 6 A. M.

Port Huron, O., every Friday at 6 A. M.

Port Huron, O., every Tuesday and Friday, at 6 A. M.

Winchester, La., every Tuesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Holcomb Abrahams, Elkhart, Ind., at 3 P. M.

UNKNOWN OWNERS.

Rockhill's Addition, Lot No. 108 to 10 for sale by R. W. TAYLOR.

Aug. 20, 1842.

WANTED.

5,000 BUSHELS OF WHEAT for which the market price will be paid, by R. W. TAYLOR.

Aug. 20, 1842.

5,000 LBS. Miamisburg Yarn, from No. 5 to 10 for sale by R. W. TAYLOR.

Aug. 20, 1842.

5,000 LBS. Miamisburg Yarn, from No. 5 to 10 for sale by R. W. TAYLOR.

Aug. 20, 1842.

5,000 LBS. Miamisburg Yarn, from No. 5

PROSPECTUS
TO THE NEW VOLUME OF THE
United States Magazine,
AND
Democratic Review,
VOLUME XI., COMMENCING JULY, 1842
John L. O'SULLIVAN, Editor.

BY an increase in the number of pages, and by the quantity of matter heretofore furnished to the reader of the Democratic Review, will be increased in its future numbers about SEVENTY FIVE PER CENT.

The articles valuable in their own of-
fering during the course of the coming year, from
a number of the most able pens of the great
Democratic Party—gether with that of others,
in its purely literary department, to which
same political designation is not yet applied.
Among them may be particularly named:

Bancroft, J. F. Cooper, Augus Kendall, Whi-
tier, Sedgwick, Gilpin, Butler, Park, Godwin,
Hawthorne, Daverac, Paulding, A. H. Everett,
Dr. Wm. C. Draper, J. L. Stevens, Tilden,
Tucker, Louisa, Bryant, Case, C. J. Ingoldsby,
Mrs. Sedgwick.

The Monthly Financial and Commercial arti-
cles, which have frequently been pronounced by
the most intelligent critics during the past
year as themselves alone worth the subscription
to the work, will be continued from the same able
hand.

An arrangement has been made, by which the
BOSTON QUARTERLY REVIEW, edited by Mr.
Brown, will be merged in the Democratic Re-
view, the editor of which will be the subscriber
of the former, and Mr. Brownson being a
frequent and regular contributor to its pages.—
It is proper to state, that Mr. Brownson's arti-
cles will be marked by his name—though to
most readers they would doubtless reveal them
selves by their internal evidence; and that it
has been agreed under the circumstances that
these contributions shall be independent of the
usual liabilities to editorial responsibility—
the author alone being liable for any responsibility
which may appear in any of them.

Among other attractive papers in preparation
for the forthcoming volume, will be found some
personal sketches, reminiscences, and anecdotes
of the private life of General Jackson, from
the pen of an intimate friend and member of his
Cabinet.

The Portraits with which it is intended to il-
lustrate the numbers of the ensuing year, and
which will be executed in a fine style of engra-
ving, by J. L. Dick, of this city, are those of
R. M. Johnson, of Kentucky,
Silas Wright of New-York,
James Buchanan, of Penn.,
John C. Calhoun, of S. Carolina,
T. H. Benton, of Missouri,
R. J. Walker, of Mississippi,
Theodore Sedgwick, of Mass.,
C. C. Campbell, of New-York,
Governor Cass, of Indiana,
Porter, of Penn.

With two or three of the most eminent mem-
bers of the great Liberal Party of Europe, from
different countries; or else of others of "home
production," according to the facility of por-
traits from abroad.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

The subscribers having assumed the publication
of the above magazine, pledge themselves that it
shall be promptly issued on the first of each
month, in the cities of New-York, Boston, &c.,
and at the most rapid conveyances to the
different towns in the interior where subscribers
may reside. The facilities afforded by the exten-
sive Publishing business of the undersigned en-
able him to make this promise, which shall be
permanently fulfilled.

To promote the proper objects in view, and re-
lying upon the united support of the Democratic
party, as well as others, the price of this Maga-
zine is fixed at the low rate of **Pig Iron**,
in advance; while in mechanical
arrangement, and in size, quantity of matter
&c. The United States Magazine will be placed
in a paper, at least with the leading moulies of
England. Each number will contain **one hundred**
and **twelve** pages, closely printed in double
columns, from bourgeois type, cast expressly for
the purpose, and upon fine white paper; thus
giving to the work an increase in the amount of
matter of over seventy-five per cent., and
translates for the coming year, all that can be
done in a paper, to which they have been
assigned, and will be accompanied with an
original biography; a feature in the plan
which it would be impossible to give in a work
of the kind, without the most liberal and ex-
tensive support—as they could not be furnished
without an outlay at least \$2,500 per annum.

Any person taking four copies, or becoming
responsible for four subscribers, will be entitled to
a fifth copy gratis.

Committees or Societies on remitting to the
publisher \$20 in advance, New-York funds can
receive the work by mail, can have it punctu-
ally forwarded, strongly enveloped, by remit-
ting the amount of subscription to the pub-
lisher.

THE EMBELLISHMENTS.

Even in this important respect the "Compan-
ion" may be safely pronounced to maintain a rec-
orded superiority over every competitor; and in
its elegant engravings, the work is
distinguished above every literary periodical,
whether in England or America. Every num-
ber is ornamented with steel plates, executed
by the first artists, in the most finished manner,
expressly for the work! **Scientific engraving**,
also, occasionally published. The reader
therefore, at the low price at which the "Com-
panion" is offered, in addition to its admirable
literary articles, obtains a full folio of elegant
engravings.

THE MONTHLY FASHIONS

are also given, illustrative of the changes of at-
tire, in female costume and ornaments. These
plates are not executed on wood, but so elabor-
ately engraved on steel, as to be of themselves
worthy of preservation as beautiful pictures; for
it is the determination of the proprietor of the
"Ladies' Companion" to offer nothing to its read-
ers that is not worthy of unqualified admiration.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

receives the utmost attention. A piece of mu-
sic is given in every number, and experienced
and competent musical persons having the im-
portance of the music, the selection is made by
those who are best qualified to judge of it.

Answer.—By the Indian Vegetable Elixir in-
ternally, and Hene's Nerve and Bone Liniment
externally.—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 26, 1841.

Sold Only by Comstock & Co. 71 Maiden Lane.

For sale by EVANS & HILL.

From the New York Herald.

MYSTERIOUS.

A gentleman belonging to one of the most
elegant and wealthy families of the city, who must
be well known to numerous friends, since the
year 1-18 up to recently, been bent double,
and for several years confined to his bed;
but has been restored to good health—has regained
his natural erect position—and has quitted his
carriage, and now walks with ease!—We believe
this is the gentleman's own description as near as
possible, and there is no exaggeration in it.—
We will give inquirers his address, and doubt not
his humane feelings will excite the liberty; so
though any one *doubting* may know these facts—
though he has not done so, may not appear in
them. Among other instances, Mr. Jas. G. Reynolds, 144 Christie street, has been cured,
and will give personal instances of the fact
of this case. Both were rheumatism, and con-
tracted cords and sinews. How has this been
done?

Answer.—By the Indian Vegetable Elixir in-
ternally, and Hene's Nerve and Bone Liniment
externally.—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 26, 1841.

Sold Only by Comstock & Co. 71 Maiden Lane.

For sale by EVANS & HILL.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Under this head the more important events,
which may trample, worthy of comment, will be
given, more or less, subject, either local or
foreign, that is considered of sufficient interest
to demand attention.

In conclusion, the proprietor pledges himself
that every effort will be expended to make the
"Ladies' Companion" a useful and interesting
periodical, and that you will be
entitled to a certain care in every case.

Editor's Note.—The basis of criticism is
impartial and independent judgment.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

The India's companion is published at **One**
Dollars a year, payable in advance, or four dol-
lars during the year. Two copies of the **India's**
will be sent, or **letter paper**, **bonnet**, **boots**, **shoes**, **cap**, **and**
whipping, **printing**, **fools**, **etc.** which they will sell at man-
ufacturer's price.

May 15, 1842.

In the Huntington Circuit Court, in vacation
June 15, 1842.

Peter Rittenhouse, Jr., Robert C. Crawford,
In Chancery.

BE it remembered that on the 4th day of April
1842, the above named complainant by his
solicitors, filed in the Clerk's office of the Hu-
tington Circuit Court, an affidavit made by a
disinterested person, by which it appears the
State of Indiana. Notice is therefore hereby
given to the said Robert C. Crawford, of the
said term of trial Court to be held in the
Court, on the third Monday in September next,
and plead, answer or defend thereto, the same
will be taken confessed and a decree rendered
thereon accordingly.

J. WILEY, C. C.

James & Black, Esq.

June 11, 1842.

Indiana Home League.

A few hundred pounds of **WOOL** for sale at
the Eastern Market. Candidates and oth-
ers wishing to show their partiality for domestic
manufactures, are invited to call and buy.

SAMUEL HINTON.

April 29th 1842.

Coopering Establishment.

DAVID BALL would respectfully inform his
friends and customers that his **Coopering Estab-**
lishment is removed to his **New Shop** on Main
Street, one door west of S. Ball's Pottery, who
has made arrangements to continue his
business on a more extensive scale so that those favoring
him in their opinion may depend on any order
of his line to be executed in the best style of
workmanship, and with the utmost promptitude.
He will constantly keep on hand or make to order
on the shortest notice, Wine-tubs, Butter-
churns, Buckets of all kinds,—in short every article
usually made by coopers from the smallest
barrel to the largest vat or cistern.

Persons wanting large quantities of flour, pork,
or whiskey barrels will do well to call on him
before making a bargain elsewhere, as he has
provided so large a stock as will enable him to ful-
fill any contract he may have.

David Ball, April 26th 1842.

Fort Wayne, August 20th 1842.

THE LADIES' COMPANION,

A STANDARD NATIONAL MAGAZINE,
TWO ELEGANT STEEL PLATES IN EVERY NUM-
BER, THE PREDOMINANT FASHIONS, ETC.

TERMS—**\$3 A YEAR IN ADVANCE**—**TWO COPIES FOR \$5 IN ADVANCE.**

Published in the city of New York, by W.
W. Snowden, established in 1834.

THE LADIES' COMPANION is published
monthly in the City of N. Y., and thus estab-
lished in popular favor, after a progress of many
years with unfailing promptness and reg-
ularity—adorned with a beauty of typographical
execution which proudly challenges criticism,
and with engravings, prepared in every instance
expressly for the work, careful selection of subjects,
enriched constantly with fashionable and
popular music, superintended in every depart-
ment, with the most scrupulous and filthless
accuracy, and filled with articles from the
pen of the most popular, renowned
and talented writers of which our country
England, Ireland, &c. It is by no means an
unwarrantable presumption to claim for the
"Ladies' Companion" the proud elevation of
being a Standard National Magazine!

Looking with jealousy at the honor of
American literature, as well as to emoluments,
it is the endeavor of the proprietor of the "Com-
panion," to be governed by principles of the
widest liberality; and to offer no pledge to the
public which cannot be faithfully and fully re-
deemed, that every promise made in time past
has been scrupulously fulfilled, consistently as-
serted, and for a full confirmation of this, every
reader is appealed to; and this exactness, it is
supposed, will be a sufficient guaranty for the
future.

After this explanation, the proprietor of the
"Ladies' Companion" proudly directs attention to
the following:

Prominent Contributors:

Emma C. Emery, Lydia H. Sigourney, Frances
S. Osgood, Miss Susan Smyth, Mrs. E. F. Ellet,
Ann S. Stephen, Harriet G. Gould, Caroline
C. May, E. R. Steele, Mrs. A. M. F. Anna,
Miss C. M. F. Anna, Miss Mary Ann Brown,
Miss C. F. Orne, Mrs. M. St Leon
Louise, Mrs. Emilie S. Smith, Miss A. D.
Woodbridge.

Professor J. H. Ingram, Louis Fitzgerald
Tastis, N. P. Willis, Theodore S. Fay, Rev.
J. H. Clinch, Rev. Charles Constantine Pise,
Samuel Woodworth, Park Benjamin, Henry T.
Tuckerman, Rufus Davis, F. W. Thompson,
William Gilmore Simms, Emma Sargent, Robert Haviland,
William B. Appling, George P. Morris, C. F.
M. W. M. Martin, Horatio Gates, John Neal
Sarah Smith, Albert Pike, Isaac McLellan, Jr.
Thomas Dunn English, Wm. G. Howard, John
McCabe, Henry B. Hirst.

Among the number of the contributors to the
"Companion," above enumerated, will be per-
ceived the names of ladies who have established
the claim of woman to the possession of the
brightest intellect, in its more refined and delicate
characteristics, and have erected an enduring monument to the
virtues and elevation of their sex. The talents of the
contributors, it will be perceived are of the
most varied character. By this it is rendered
that every taste will be gratified—that every branch
of elegant literature will receive attention. Poetry, tales, sketches, essays—
the instructive and amusing, the grave and
grave—will be blended, to enhance the interest of
the magazine.

THE EMBELLISHMENTS.

Even in this important respect the "Compan-
ion" may be safely pronounced to maintain a rec-
orded superiority over every competitor; and in
its elegant engravings, the work is
distinguished above every literary periodical,
whether in England or America. Every num-
ber is ornamented with steel plates, executed
by the first artists, in the most finished manner,
expressly for the work! **Scientific engraving**,
also, occasionally published. The reader
therefore, at the low price at which the "Com-
panion" is offered, in addition to its admirable
literary articles, obtains a full folio of elegant
engravings.

THE MONTHLY FASHIONS

are also given, illustrative of the changes of at-
tire, in female costume and ornaments. These
plates are not executed on wood, but so elabor-
ately engraved on steel, as to be of themselves
worthy of preservation as beautiful pictures; for
it is the determination of the proprietor of the
"Ladies' Companion" to offer nothing to its read-
ers that is not worthy of unqualified admiration.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

receives the utmost attention. A piece of mu-
sic is given in every number, and experienced
and competent musical persons having the im-
portance of the music, the selection is made by
those who are best qualified to judge of it.

Answer.—By the Indian Vegetable Elixir in-
ternally, and Hene's Nerve and Bone Liniment
externally.—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 26, 1841.

Sold Only by Comstock & Co. 71 Maiden Lane.

For sale by EVANS & HILL.

From the New York Herald.

MYSTERIOUS.

A gentleman belonging to one of the most
elegant and wealthy families of the city, who must
be well known to numerous friends, since the
year 1-18 up to recently, been bent double,
and for several years confined to his bed;

but has been restored to good health—has regained
his natural erect position—and has quitted his
carriage, and now walks with ease!—We believe
this is the gentleman's own description as near as
possible, and there is no exaggeration in it.—
We will give inquirers his address, and doubt not
his humane feelings will excite the liberty; so
though any one *doubting* may know these facts—
though he has not done so, may not appear in
them. Among other instances, Mr. Jas. G. Reynolds, 144 Christie street, has been cured,
and will give personal instances of the fact
of this case. Both were rheumatism, and con-
tracted cords and sinews. How has this been
done?

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, 71 Maiden Lane.

For sale by EVANS & HILL.

From the New York Herald.

MYSTERIOUS.

A gentleman belonging to one of the most
elegant and wealthy families of the city, who must
be well known to numerous friends, since the
year 1-18 up to recently, been bent double,
and for several years confined to his bed;

but has been restored to good health—has regained
his natural erect position—and has quitted his
carriage, and now walks with ease!—We believe
this is the gentleman's own description as near as
possible, and there is no exaggeration in it.—
We will give inquirers his address, and doubt not
his humane feelings will excite the liberty; so
though any one *doubting* may know these facts—
though he has not done so, may not appear in
them. Among other instances, Mr. Jas. G. Reynolds, 144 Christie street, has been cured,
and will give personal instances of the fact
of this case. Both were rheumatism, and con-
tracted cords and sinews. How has this been
done?

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, 71 Maiden Lane.

For sale by EVANS & HILL.

From the New York Herald.

MYSTERIOUS.

A gentleman belonging to one of the most
elegant and wealthy families of the city, who must
be